

# THE Shepherds Complaint:

## AND THE Comforting Shepherdes.

Poor *Choron* making his complaint,  
was comforted at last;  
But when he thought himself undone,  
his *Silvia* held him fast.  
To the Tune of, *Woggy's Jealousie.*



**O** Cupid thou now art too cruel,  
to use a poor Lover severe,  
Thou dost to my flame add a fuel,  
that costs me full many a tear:  
Then cease to be so out of reason,  
and let me no longer complain,  
But grant me some ease for a season,  
and ease all my sorrow and pain.  
While others do sweetly lye sleeping,  
I ligh by my self all alone,  
My eyes they are swelled with weeping,  
no forrows like mine e're was known:  
But while to my self I do pine,  
I do find all my sorrow in vain,  
For my love he will ne'r be so kind,  
as to banish my sorrow and pain.  
Oh Silvia, be cruel no longer,  
to him that thy beauty adores,  
Thy Charms they grow stronger & stronger  
let thy soft tears wash my sores:

Which I for thy sake have endur'd,  
though thou dost my service disdain,  
I'm certain they cannot be cur'd,  
but I must e'n dye of my pain.  
What profit Love is it unto thee,  
to strow a poor lover to death?  
And murder the man that doth wooe thee,  
thus strangely to stifle his breath;  
My dear I do intreat thee,  
to grant me my freedom again,  
For certainly if thou dost cheat me,  
I languish 'twixt sorrow and pain.  
But in vain do I beg for a freedom,  
when Cruelty locks up the dooz,  
If young-men they once would but heed 'em  
they'd never love beauties no more:  
Then be but as kind as you are fair,  
and we shall no longer complain,  
But now we for death must prepare,  
and dye with extreame of our pair.

The Womans Answer,

**W**hat makes my dear Shepherd to languish  
and sigh on his pittifull moan?  
I bleed at the thoughts of his anguish,  
he knows that I love him alone:  
But yet he doth seem to be jealous,  
of some that do graze on the Plain,  
But I think he hath very few fellows,  
and therefore il'e constant remain.

He talks of the pains he endured,  
and suffered all for my sake,  
I'm wounded and cannot be cur'd,  
and my heart it is ready to break:  
But Coron is still a revelling,  
the truest that lives on the Plain,  
No longer then I am a smiling,  
but he feels a terrible pain.

If I should be always a kissing,  
the world would my folly admire,  
The Shepherds at us would lye bissing,  
and hinder what he doth desire:  
But I'll in a corner embrace him,  
that he may no longer complain;  
At night in my bosome I'll place him,  
for to banish his sorrow and pain.

Was ever poor Shepherdess kinder,  
then now I do promise to be?  
How can he then chuse but mind her  
that loves so unchangeably:  
He cannot enjoy greater bliss,  
then with his true love to remain,  
That each minute will give him a Kiss,  
for to banish his sorrow and pain.

You Lovers take pattern by me then,  
that hath vow'd to be constant to death;  
For all Loyal Shepherds to see then,  
that I at the losing my breath,  
Was free from all kind of deceit,  
and a wavering mind did disdain,  
Now kindness I once more repeat,  
and I wast with my horrible pain.



F I N I S.

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